



Incident of the Last War.

I DON'T know, my little friends, that it is a good plan to be writing so much about war, and such cruel things, for you to read. War is a thing that should be avoided. There is nothing pleasant or good in it, and it should never be resorted to except in the defense of one's country, or in the cause of freedom. But wars have existed in every age of the world, we read of them in the Bible, we read of them in all the histories which ever were made. Perhaps, by reading stories like these I write for you, you will learn to hate war, by knowing how cruel it is, and how much misery and suffering it produces.

We have had wars in our country, and I am going to tell you something about the fighting that took place in one of the battles in the last war with England. The picture of the men, and the logs, and the trees up there, looks very much like it! but I guess the artist who made it was not there and so has got it a little different.

About forty years ago—not quite, for it was on the morning of the last day of

December 1813—the people of Buffalo, of the city where you now are, were much alarmed by the firing of large guns and small ones, down at Black Rock. They soon learned the cause of it, for the British had crossed over the river, and were on their march toward the village—for Buffalo was a small village then, with a very few houses, and not many people—not nearly so many as are in either of its wards now. There was a small army at Black Rock whose business it was to keep the British away; but they had some officers who were not very wise or brave, and they were soon beaten, and run every man for his life. The people of Buffalo—I don't know but your father and mother were there—mine were—had to leave their homes, and escape the best way they could. Some went in wagons, some on horseback, and many on foot, men, women and children, all hastening away for fear of being murdered by the Indians. By the time the British got up to Buffalo, nearly every body had left. The Indians came running through the streets, and soon began to set fire to the buildings, and

it was not long before they were all burned, but one, which was spared — because its owner, a widow, had staid in it, and sent for a British officer, who protected her, and would not permit the Indians to destroy her dwelling. As the British and Indians were coming up, some of the men more brave than the others who had run away, got behind some logs and trees in the woods, somewhere near where old uncle Jesse Ketchum (whom all of you know who have been to the public schools, as the children's friend,) lives, and there had quite a little battle with the foe, which was advancing to destroy their homes. But they were not able to hold out a great while, for there were so many more than their own number against them. They too had to run pretty fast to escape, or they would all have been murdered, or taken prisoners, or scalped by the savages.

As I said before, my father and mother were there, and I will tell you how they made their escape. Early in the morning, after they heard that the British had crossed the river, my father went to the barn and harnessed his horses, so as to be ready to go when it became necessary. He then went into the house, took down his musket, and started for Black Rock to see what was the matter, and to help our people fight. But as soon as the soldiers ran away, he came back, hitched the horses to the wagon, and put in what few things it would hold; my mother put in the kettle of hot bread she was baking, and other articles of food, and off they went, being about the last of all the people that were then in Buffalo. When they got out to the road, which we now call North street, they saw the red coats of the British soldiers, and the Indians a little

way off, who fired at them, but without doing any harm. So they escaped safely, and went to Williamsville, where they were obliged to stay all winter. If your fathers and mothers had to do this now, you would be very much frightened I imagine. But I hope there will never come a time when we shall have another war — when savages shall be running through our streets, setting fire to our houses and stores. It is a sad thing when men go out to kill one another, and it shows that there is a great deal of wickedness in this world. But do little boys know when they get angry and quarrel, that it is the same spirit that men have when they go to war? I hope my young friends whom I have attempted to amuse and interest, will think of this, and when they look upon the picture at the beginning of this story, they will resolve to live in peace with all their playmates now, and with their fellow men, when they have grown up to manhood.

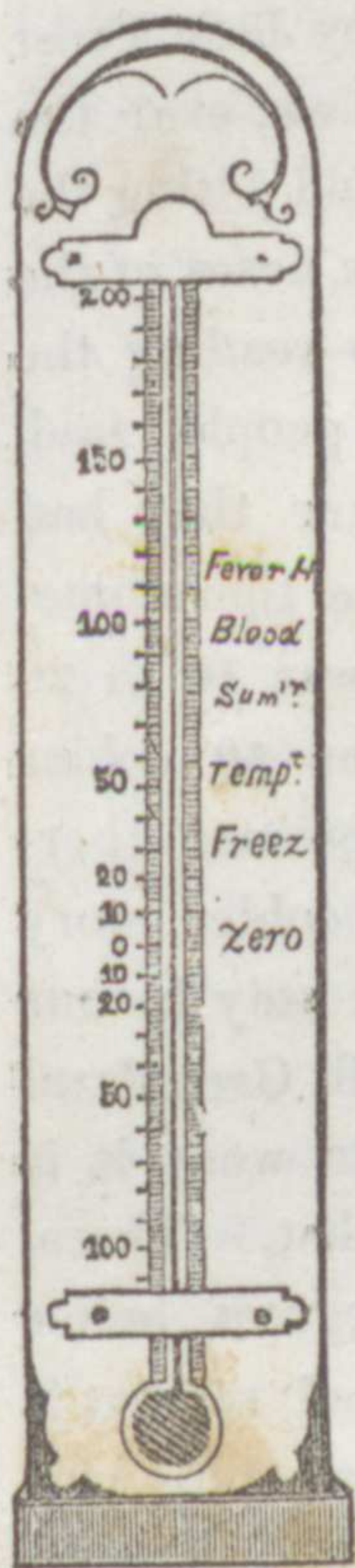
E. E. B.

To Illumine the Surface of Water.

WET a lump of fine loaf sugar with phosphorized ether, and throw it into a basin of water; the surface of the water will become luminous, and show beautifully in the dark; by gently blowing upon it, phosphorescent undulations will be formed, which will illumine the air above the fluid, to a considerable space. In winter the water must be rendered blood-warm. If the phosphorized ther be applied to the hands, which may be done with safety, it renders them luminous in the dark.

The Thermometer.

BY UNCLE PHILO.



Boys and girls who read the "Youth's Casket," would you like to learn about that little thing called a THER-MOM-E-TER, which people look at so often in very hot or very cold weather? I hope you will all say yes. Well, read this carefully, and I think you will understand it.

Thermo, the first part of that long word, means heat; and the last part of it, *meter*, means measure. It is therefore, by name, a heat measure. If you love to travel as well as I do, we will imagine that we all go into a glass factory and get each of us a long glass tube, open

at one end and with a hollow ball on the other. We will put in enough mercury or quicksilver to fill the ball and a part of the stem, and melt the glass on the top, so as to keep the air out and the mercury in. Now we will each fasten this to a brass plate in a tin case, and we all have our heat measures finished, except marking.

We will now put them all into cold water or snow, and see what the mercury will do. O, it sinks down toward the ball. Put a vessel of water, with the thermometers in it, over the fire and see what the mercury will do; but do not change the glasses too suddenly from cold water into hot, for that will crack and spoil them. What does the mercury do now? It rises. Up, up, it goes, higher, higher; now the

water boils and it stops; it will go no farther. We see, then, that cold makes the mercury fall, and heat makes it rise. Well, let us make the mercury fall as low as we can, and that we will call the point of no heat, or nothing, and mark it with a naught or cipher, and call it zero. You probably think that ice and snow are without any heat, and are the coldest materials we can find; but ice and snow are quite warm compared with a mixture of snow and common salt. Mix some snow and salt. Put in your hands. O, how cold it is! O! O! O! You cannot hold your hands in it a minute. Try it, boys and girls, and you will believe what I say; and, strange to tell, the snow thaws to water, while it freezes your hand much sooner than would pure ice.

A great many years ago, when thermometers were first made, the wisest men thought they could make nothing colder than an equal mixture of snow and salt; and they would put their little glass tubes with mercury, into such a mixture, and call the top of the mercury the zero place, or the point of no heat. They also said they would call that place away up on the glass to which the mercury rose, in boiling water, 212. Then they divided the distance between the cold, (zero) and the hot, (boiling point,) into 212 little spaces by lines on the brass plate, which they called degrees. We will do the same; though if there is not room for 212 marks, we will make half as many, 106, and from one mark to the next, will then be two degrees. We will also make marks the same distance apart, below zero, be-

cause in winter, sometimes the air is colder, much colder, than a mixture of snow and salt. It hardly seems possible that we can live in such cold air; but it is true that we sometimes do.

Now put the thermometers into freezing water, or melting ice or snow, and see where the mercury is. It is 32 degrees above zero. This we will call the freezing point and you will find all thermometers in this country so marked. Hang up your thermometers in your parlors or schoolrooms, as far as possible away from the fire, and as high as your heads, and see what they tell you in a cold day, when these rooms are warm enough to read or study in. I guess they will tell you about 65; and this we will call point comfort; and it is a point we should all remember. If our papas will put thermometers in our houses, schools and churches, we will try to keep our rooms at 65, or point comfort. These will tell better than we can otherwise, whether our rooms are too hot or too cold. Now put the bulbs of your glasses into your mouths or hands. The mercury rises to 98. This is the heat of the human body in health, and is called blood-heat. When the weather is as warm as 98, it feels very uncomfortable; and this never happens except in the warmest days of July and August. Then we like cold water for clothing and ice for food. Take notice of the mercury the hottest days of next summer. You will not many times find it higher than 98, or warmer than our bodies are the coldest days of winter. These are the principal points for you to remember; and don't forget one of them. Mixed snow or ice, and salt, is 0; freezing water, or melting snow, or ice, 32; comfortable heat for our rooms

in winter, 65; blood heat, 98; boiling water, 212.

Perhaps you will inquire how cold it was last January, when saucy Jack Frost was driving whew, whew, whew, over the country, piling snow-drifts, and biting the ears and toes, and pulling the noses of the boys and girls who are now reading the Casket. Even the oldest people said, that was the coldest weather they had ever known. What said the thermometers? They told us the air was 10 to 20 degrees below zero, or 40 or 50 colder than freezing water. I hope our thermometers will never tell a colder story than that, unless we can all stay in our houses by a good fire. But in Greenland and where Sir John Franklin went, it is often much colder than that. There, the mercury sinks to 39 degrees below zero, and freezes hard, like lead, so that it can be cut with a knife, or run into bullets and shot at a mark. Those who go there, use thermometers filled with alcohol, which will not freeze. There, the white bear lives, and the people cover themselves with warm fur, and make houses, partly under ground to keep them from freezing. In Africa, where the mercury is much of the time as high as 100, and often much higher, the lion, tiger and such animals live.

I hope you will understand what I have told you; and I hope each one of your papas will buy a thermometer so that you can try all the experiments I have mentioned, and see how cold or warm it is every day.

I will close, by asking you three questions, which you may think of now, and answer when you become old philosophers. How does salt melt ice or snow, and yet

keep 32 degrees colder than ice or snow? Why does heat make the mercury rise, and cold make it fall? What keeps our bodies, even in the coldest day, up to 98 degrees of heat? Now, good bye.

UNCLE PHILO.

A Brave Boy.

A BOY in New Jersey, at various times, saved four lives before he was ten years old. When a little over eight he saw his youngest brother break through the ice where the water was four feet deep. He had to run twelve or fifteen yards to reach the pond, and remembering having heard his mother read a story from one of Peter Parley's clever books, of a person saving another's life, when the ice was not strong enough for him to walk upon it, by creeping, he lay down on the ice, crept to the hole where his brother had broken through, reached into the water, and pulled him out by the hair, after he had sunk the third time. Creeping backwards he drew the rescued sufferer to the shore. After this he saved the lives of three boys at the same pond; and in one of these instances showed as much coolness and presence of mind as any grown person could. Seeing the ice was too thin to bear him, he tried to borrow a sled from a boy, near by, who refused it; but, pushing the boy over, he seized the sled and shoved it to the sinking lad, who caught hold of it, and then holding on by the string, pulled him to the shore. We have only to add, that this clever child was as good as he was brave.—*Selected.*



A Cradle Song.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Low, low, breathe and blow
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the drooping moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Duty.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Benevolence.

IN the last number of the Casket, as you will remember, we gave you a picture story; that is, a story told by a picture; we also give you one in the present number, which you will see on the opposite page; and we think it is a much pleasanter one than the other, inasmuch as it cheers us with an exhibition of kindness, instead of frightening us with a scene of terror. Look at it. There are no hungry wolves, in swift pursuit after a distracted mother and her children, but a dear little brother and sister, on their way to school, parting their little store of provisions with a poor beggar woman, and her hungry boy. We will venture to say that *that* brother and sister are obedient children, punctual and studious scholars, and kind and happy playmates.

Judging by the actions of some children—and, we might add, some pretty big children, too; big enough, for instance, to be men and women—one would think there was nothing pleasant, or good enough, in this world; at least, nothing pleasant and good enough for them; but, that every thing was wrong, crooked, and out of joint. Go where they will, their looks are sour, their words are snappish, and they are always complaining. Do the best you can, still they are never pleased; and one ever feels that their room is worth more than their company. But not so is it with the good, sweet little hearts, we see dispensing their much needed charities, in the picture. *They* displeased with the world? No, no! The world is pleasant to them. To them the blue sky, glorious with its light, and its calm, floating clouds; and the groves, cool and musical; and the green fields,

with their clear running streams; are something worth looking at. *They*, sour, snappish and complaining? far from it. As well might you say of the full cloud which spreads its gilded wings over the parched and thirsty fields, ready to drop down the shower that is needed to revive the drooping vegetation, that it is ugly and unwelcome. Ah, no! a truly generous heart loves every thing that is good; and is ever willing to be pleased with whatever approaches it, except wickedness and temptations to sin.

Cherish, then, everywhere, and at all times, your generous feelings. Cultivate them. By so doing, you will make all around you glad; and in the free and unconstrained exercise of such feelings, you will gather up boundless stores of satisfaction to your own hearts; and wherever you go you will meet with hearty welcomes; and every thing will seem pleasant and cheering to you: the sun will beam with more glory; the fields and woodlands will look greener; the brooks will greet you with a more enchanting music; and friends will seem more friendly. In short, the whole world, and all your thoughts of life, will be overflowing with impressions of beauty and happiness.

Such is the lot of those whose souls are full of benevolence.

TO get a name can happen but to few. A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought; it is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed.



W. P.
ANNOVENCE.

Letter from Martin Luther to his Son.

THE following letter, written by Martin Luther, the great Reformer, breathes such affectionate devotion to the happiness of his children, and is so simple and beautiful withal, that we are sure both parents and children will be pleased with it. It is one from among thousands of those pretty gems which have come down to us from the exhaustless fountains of the great and good hearts of those trying and soul-stirring times.

"Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts and plums. They jump and sing and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he too come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children? And the man said, if he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Phillip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.

Then the man showed me, in the midst of the garden, a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning, before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much; may he bring her with him? The man said, yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Phillip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your papa, who loves you,—**MARTIN LUTHER.**"

The Dancing Pea.

TAKE a piece of a tobacco pipe of about three inches in length, one end of which, at least, is broken off even, and with a knife or file, make the hole somewhat larger, so as in fact to form a little hollow cup. Next get a very round pea, put it in the hollow at the end of the bit of pipe, place the other end of the latter in your mouth, hold it there quite in a perpendicular position, by inclining your head back, and then blow through it very softly; the pea will be lifted from its cup, and rise and fall according to the degree of force with which the breath is impelled through the pipe.



Guess What.

Now, here is a queer looking chap, and I'll warrant that not one half of you can guess what his business is.

"O! I can guess what his business is," says one of our city subscribers; "he is a"—

Stop, stop, little miss, you know, perhaps, and if you do, it would be no sort of a guess. I want a real, downright, hearty guess. Perhaps some of our Vermont subscribers can tell, for Yankees, they say, are pretty good at a guess, and it may be true that they are, though, so far as my experience goes, and I have lived in Vermont a considerable of a while,

I never found that they were much ahead of us New Yorkers, or our western friends of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, &c. Halloo, there! I see a little chap and his sister, with their heads close together, scanning it with four little eyes, so bright and sharp that I almost tremble lest the secret should get out too soon. However, speak up, what say you, little busy-bodies?

The little girl—"I think he looks as much as any thing like a scare-crow; such as I've seen father place out in the field to protect the corn from being pulled up by the crows."

Little boy—"I guess he is some boy who lives at a tavern, and sweeps out the stables for the ostler."

You are both out. Who speaks next?

"O dear!" I fancy I hear some sedate young miss, who thinks more of helping her dear mamma, than she does of fumbling over the Casket, say—"O dear! who cares about guessing over such nonsensical looking pictures as that."

Well then, I suppose there is no use in trying any longer for it, so I will tell you what. He is a crossing-sweeper, such as those who live in the cities see, often. In wet and rainy weather, when the streets are covered with mud, you all know how unpleasant it is crossing them; especially how unpleasant it is to a little girl, or a lady, who has nice gaiter shoes and a pretty silk dress, to spoil in the operation. Well, in cities, as our city readers know, we generally have, at the corners of the streets, a stone walk, raised a little higher than the rest of the street, for people to cross over on without stepping in the mud; and at such times as even the crossing itself is covered with mud, a poor boy, or, sometimes, a poor old man or woman,

takes a broom and sweeps it off, so that people may pass over with more ease and pleasure; and then the sweep, whoever he be, expects, from those who cross, a penny or so, to pay him for the trouble of sweeping. Of course a great many pass on without taking any notice of the poor sweep; but some, who are kind-hearted, and love to help those who are needy and show a disposition to help themselves, bestow now and then a few pennies, and it is right they should.

There are many employments to which those who are poor, and who live in large cities, are obliged to resort, in order to get along, and many of them by no means pleasant employments, too; yet almost any thing that is honest, is preferable to begging.

Many there are who are rich, and who look down with scorn upon those who are obliged to resort to such low occupations, as they call them; but many who once scorned the unfortunate in such humble conditions, have afterward been reduced to the same state themselves.

We should always pity the humble and unfortunate, or else Providence may, in punishment for our proud and unfeeling dispositions, make our condition as unpleasant as that of those whom we despise. Be kind to the unfortunate.

Clean Hands and Strength.



LITTLE boy, whose name I shall call John, was observed to wash his hands many times a day—a most praiseworthy exercise. The unusual frequency with which he repaired to the hollow stone by the well, led his elder

brother Henry to ask him why he washed his hands so frequently.

“Because I wish to be strong.”

“Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?”

“Yes.”

“I hope you will hold on to that idea.”

At evening, as the two brothers were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, listening to the notes of the whippowil, Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength.

“Because I read it in the Bible,” was the reply.

“Where did you find the passage?”

“I will show you.”

He got the Bible, and read the latter part of the ninth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Job: “he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.” John was sure that his position was a firm one, for it had the support of scripture. Henry proceeded to explain to him the meaning of the passage, and convinced him that he had taken in a literal sense, that which was intended to be understood in a figurative sense—that the passage taught, that those who do right shall increase in strength to do right. The truth thus explained, made a deep impression upon John’s mind, and I wish it may make a deep impression upon the mind of the reader. Boys love to be strong. The highest kind of strength is strength to do right.—*New York Observer.*

Whatever busies the mind, without corrupting it, has, at least, this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

A Cunning Device.

WE have here an old picture to an old story; yet, we presume that, to most of our readers, both picture and story will be as good as new. The story runs somewhat thus:

An Indian went to a farmer's house, one cold day, and begged for some cider. The farmer told him he might have as much as he could carry away in his basket.

Now a basket is the last thing in the world, one would suppose, to carry cider in; but the Indian took it into his head, that a basket, in fact, was not so poor a thing after all, for such a purpose; and almost quick as thought, he snatched it up, whisked out of the house, went down to a stream of water which ran near by, and dipped in his basket, and then, taking it out, let what water remained upon it freeze to ice, and then in with it again; and so on, until all the spaces through which the cider might have leaked out, were completely closed up; and you can easily see, that after such a preparation, there would be no great

difficulty in carrying away a basket full of cider.

Perhaps no one but a cunning farmer would have thought of such a mode for preserving a full cider barrel; certainly no one but a cunning Indian would have succeeded so well in outwitting him.

This is one of many anecdotes illustrative of the shrewdness so natural to

the red men, who once held unmo-
lested possession
of this great and
beautiful country.
Some of those an-
ecdotes are, un-
doubtedly, rather
high colored; yet,
it is true that,
from their habits
of life, and the
practice of the
arts and strata-
gems of the pe-
culiar modes of
their warfare, the
minds of that un-
fortunate people,
naturally acute,
acquired a won-
ful quickness, and
aptness for shifts
of cunning.



The Telegraph.

A hero chieftain, laying down his pen,
Closes his eyes at Washington at ten:
The lightning courier leaps along the line,
And at St. Louis tells the tale at nine;
Halting a thousand miles whence he departed,
And getting there an hour before he started!

The Tea-kettle once more.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I hope you won't think hard of me for troubling you a second time with my poor scribblings. I know it is not for such as I to make too familiar with you great folks, who are doing so much as I hear you are for the benefit and amusement of those frisking, bounding, fun-loving and mischief-making Sandys and Jennys, called boys and girls.

Ah, yes! those boys and girls. I know them well, dummy and dumpish as you may think me; for I have seen, in my way of seeing, a great deal of them, in other and better days. Now-a-days, even, I once in a while catch such glimpses of them as almost sets me a-boiling again, notwithstanding I am full of little else besides cobwebs and emptiness. Not many feet from the place which now claims me as its occupant, there is a small, low window, from which pretty much all signs of glass have long since disappeared, and through this window I have full view of the old school-house play-ground; and it is really a great relief I enjoy from the tediousness of my confinement, as I sit here and watch the score or two of children, of all ages, (except three score and ten,) who go out there to shake off, in all manner of pastimes, the weariness and nervousness which I suppose crawls over them during the hours of study. And there they go, scampering and heydaying about, hither and yon, shouting and ha!-ha!-ing until it seems as though they would turn their giddy brains upside down, every one of them. I don't know how it is they manage to get through such rattle-headed topsy-turvy-ties as they do. I am sure I couldn't. Dear me! I can almost hear

the tones of their merry voices humming, even now, between my hollow old sides, and I wish you could be here, if it were only for once, to listen to them with me.

And yet, Mr. Editor, happy as those dear children are, and pleasant as it is to see and hear them, as a general thing, I cannot but think that there is something wrong once in a while; for, sometimes, their voices are any thing but musical, I assure you. May be it is only because I am so old and notional, but I do think, now and then, that there is more of anger than of love expressed in their conduct. Perhaps it would be best you should not come, after all; for at such times, their voices have so harsh and discordant a sound, that to escape them, I would gladly sink back again to my old resting place, deep in the bowels of my mother earth, where, for so many ages, I slept, before I became, first the useful, and now the useless thing I have been, and am; and indeed I begin to fear you will soon wish I was there, or in some other place, where you will never again be troubled by such worthless twaddle; and so I will close by subscribing myself, your humble correspondent, the old

TEA-KETTLE.

Tubb's Hollow, March, 1852.

A Chapter about Nothing.

SARAH. Come Hatty, and Tommy, and all of you, sit right down and keep still, because Mr. Thorne is going to tell us all about nothing.

HATTY. Why! what a subject. I wonder what in the world he will find to say about that. I don't believe he can say much, any-how.

S. Pity if he could n't, and an editor too! Why editors can talk about any thing.

H. Well for my part I don't believe editors are so very wise, after all, and they must be wise indeed if they can find much to say about nothing; but I suppose he is going to give us some worn out definition, which has lain in a musty old dictionary for these forty years.

S. No he isn't, either, I am very sure. He has a sight to tell us about it, I'll warrant, and it is to be very interesting too, has n't he, Tommy?

TOMMY. Well I guess he has, that is, if you do n't get it all talked about before he gets a chance.

H. Well, let's keep still now; but I do n't believe he can say much.

S. Now you see. Mr. Thorne what have you got to say?

HARLEY THORNE. *Nothing.*

T. There! There!

H. Ha! Ha!

S. Why! Mr. Thorne!

The Plum-Cakes;

BY HANNAH MORE.



FARMER, who some wealth possessed,
With three fine boys was also blessed;
The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Loved tops and marbles, sport and toys.
The father scouted that false plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the best of his discerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of observation,
No scholar, yet had penetration;
So, with due care, a school he sought,

Where his young sons might well be taught
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearses
Most properly his themes or verses;
Yet I can do a father's part,
And school the temper, mind, and heart;
The natural bent of each I'll know,
And trifles best that bent may show."

'T was just before the closing year,
When Christmas holidays were near,
The farmer called to see his boys,
And asked how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, "There's father, boys, without;
He's brought us something good, no doubt."
The father sees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
"Come, boys, of home you'll have your fill."
"Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will;
"'T is just twelve days — these notches — see —
My notches with the days agree."
"Well," said the sire, "again I'll come,
And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
You two the dappled mare shall ride,
Jack mount the pony by my side.
Meantime, my lads, I've brought you here
No small provision of good cheer."
Then from his pocket straight he takes
A vast profusion of plum-cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous store;
No boy shall have or less or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expression,
He leaves them to their own discretion:
Resolved to mark the use each made
Of what he to their hands conveyed.

The twelve days past, he comes once more,
And brings the horses to the door;
The boys with rapture see appear
The pony and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And crack their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, "Dear father, life is short;
So I resolved to make quick sport;
The cakes were all so nice and sweet,

I thought I'd have one jolly treat ;
 'Why should I balk,' said I, 'my taste ?
 I'll make at once a hearty feast.'
 So snugly by myself I fed,
 When every boy was gone to bed ;
 I gorged them all, both paste and plum,
 And did not spare a single crumb ;
 Indeed they made me, to my sorrow,
 As sick as death upon the morrow ;
 This made me mourn my rich repast,
 And wish I had not fed so fast."

Quoth Jack, "I was not such a dunce,
 To eat my quantum up at once ;
 And though the boys all longed to clutch 'em,
 I would not let a creature touch 'em ;
 Nor, though the whole were in my power
 Would I one single cake devour ;
 Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
 They 're all now snug within my box :
 The mischief is, by hoarding long,
 They 're grown so mouldy and so strong,
 I find they won't be fit to eat,
 And I have lost my father's treat."

"Well, Tom," the anxious parent cries,
 "How did you manage ?" Tom replies,
 "I shunned each wide extreme to take,
 To glut my maw, or hoard my cake ;
 I thought each day its wants would have,
 And appetite again might crave ;
 Twelve school-days still my notches counted,
 To twelve my father's cakes amounted ;
 So every day I took out one,
 But never ate my cake alone ;
 With every needy boy I shared,
 And more than half I always spared.
 One every day, 'twixt self and friend,
 Has brought my dozen to an end :
 My last remaining cake to-day
 I would not touch but gave away ;
 A boy was sick, and scarce could eat ;
 To him it proved a welcome treat :
 Jack called me spendthrift not to save ;
 Will dubbed me fool because I gave ;
 But when our last day came, I smiled,
 For Will's were gone, and Jack's were spoiled.
 Not hoarding much, nor eating fast,

I served a needy friend at last."

These tales the father's thoughts employ ;
 "By these," said he, "I know each boy :"
 Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
 The world will call a frugal lad ;
 And selfish, gormandizing Will
 Will meet with friends and favorers still ;
 While moderate Tom, so wise and cool,
 The mad and vain will deem a fool ;
 But I his sober plan approve,
 And Tom has gained his father's love.

APPLICATION.

So, when our day of life is past,
 And all are fairly judged at last,
 The miser and the sensual find
 How each misused the gifts assigned ;
 While he, who wisely spends and gives,
 To the true ends of living lives :
 'Tis self-denying moderation
 Gains the Great Father's approbation.



The American Crossbill.

WE presume that few of our little readers have ever seen the very remarkable bird which is represented in the above picture. On first glancing at his crossed bill, from

which he derives his name, one is likely to pronounce it deformed. But by observing the dexterity with which he detaches the seeds of the pine-tree from the cone, it seems peculiarly adapted to the purpose of procuring food.

The summer residence of these birds is far to the north, from which they visit us in the fall and winter, when they may be seen in flocks, feeding on the seeds of the hemlock and white pine. They cling to the twigs in all sorts of postures, and go through the operation of feeding in a quiet and business-like manner, each one attending to his own affairs. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight to see the little creatures fluttering among the twigs, all in constant action, like so many bees on a cluster of flowers. They have a loud, sharp, and not unmusical note; chatter as they fly; alight during the prevalence of deep snows, before the door of the hunter, and around the house, picking off the clay with which the logs are plastered. At such times they are so tame as only to settle on the roof of the cabin when disturbed, and in a moment after, descend and feed, as before.

The time of breeding is, perhaps, the

most remarkable circumstance connected with this bird. A friend of ours informs us that on cutting down pine trees in the month of February, he has discovered their nests and eggs. We have ourselves often seen the old birds feeding their young in the latter part of February, but supposed them to be late birds of the preceding year. Mr. Bechstein, in his book of chamber birds, says: "They build in the upper branches of firs and pines, and make their nests of the delicate twigs of those trees; within the outer wall of this nest is a thick layer of ground-moss, followed, inwardly, by a lining of very delicate coral moss. The female lays from three to five eggs, which are grayish white, and surrounded at the thick end with a coronal of reddish brown spots, lines, and dots. The heating quality of their food protects, at this season, both young and old from the cold: the young are fed from the crop, like all the kernel-eaters."

The male is about the size of the Bluebird, is of a red-lead color, intermixed with spots of olive. The female is somewhat less in size, and her color a dirty green.

Editor's Table.

Hurrah for Spring!

I WILL warrant there is not a little boy or girl within reach of the Casket who will not unite with us in that shout. And I almost fancy I can see hats, caps, bonnets, and aprons even, flying up in uproarious rejoicing that the cold storms, and nakedness, of Winter, are giving place to soft

airs, and to buds, blossoms, and the tender leaf.

No skating, eh? and no sliding down hill? Well what of it? Mend up your balls; repaper your old kite-frames; and rig out your little sloops and schooners: there's sport enough ahead.

"We can have no more sleigh-rides, and I love sleigh-riding dearly," one little girl says

(though more by way of farewell than in sorrow, I apprehend.) But say, little miss, which would you rather: to go budging about from morning till night, half buried in a heap of buffalo-skins, with Jack Frost all the while nipping away at that dear little gem of a nose; and with a chance, besides, of being tipped out of your buffalo nest into the middle of some huge drift of snow; or to be out in the pleasant sunshine, training your rose trees, tulips, and jasmine; or else, ranging the meadows and woodlands in search of the rarest posies and wild flowers? Which would you?

But there is no use of questioning: Spring is the season, by all odds, for the little folks; and the Casket cheerfully joins with you in giving it a loud and hearty welcome.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have concluded that to save room, it is best to publish only the principal word in our answers to enigmas. We received one enigma which was not post-paid; of course such could not appear. "FRANCIS" had better re-model his enigma, and make it more difficult to solve. "MARIA" sends us a little article which we should have been glad to publish, but that the choice of subject was unfortunate. She did as well as could have been expected, but such a subject as she chose would have been too much for even older heads than hers. "JOSEPHINE'S" story was very good, but was also unsuitable from its choice of subject.

Here we would say, that one of the most unpleasant duties we have to perform, is that of laying aside, now and then, as not quite proper for admission, an article sent us, in real kindness, by our young correspondents. Ah! little friends! we know precisely how disheartening it is to think, and work, and write, and copy, in trembling hope that "*may be* it will do," and then, after a month of cruel suspense, to find that after all our pains, it won't do; and really, from the bottom of our heart, we grieve with any who are thus dis-

appointed. Yet do n't be discouraged, but try again; for those are the trials which, if you will not give up to them, (which you must not,) will urge you on toward perfection.

OUR TITLE.—We see that some of our correspondents and exchanges designate our magazine as the "Youth's Cabinet." Now this is, truly, a very excellent title of a very excellent magazine; but it is not the title of *our* magazine, which, by a simple reference to its cover, all will see is the "YOUTH'S CASKET."

ENIGMA NO. VI.

I am composed of 15 letters. My 10, 11, 15, is a small quadruped. My 7, 3, 11, is an herb. My 2, 6, 15, is a miserable house. My 8, 5, 6, 9, 3, is a tenement. My 7, 11, 12, 15, 14, is to sip. My 1, 5, 14, is a part of the foot. My 15, 5, 4, is a plaything. My 9, 2, 5, 7, are used in killing small birds. My 10, 11, 13, 14, is delicate but sometimes solid. My whole is a periodical.

R. O. W

ENIGMA NO. VII.

I am composed of nine letters. My 4, 2, 1, 3, 9, is something to be found in every kitchen. My 4, 5, 6, 9, is prized by few. My 1, 2, 4, is the name of a flying animal. My 8, 7, 6, 9, is the name of a large city in Europe. My 2, 3, 9, is a liquor. My 4, 2, 5, 3, is what some animals have. My 9, 2, 8, is what every body has. My whole is the name of a large city in the United States.

EFFIE.

CONUNDRUM NO. I.

If a sailor driving a cart, wished to be polite to the ox, what rope would he name?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

ENIGMA NO. IV.—George Washington.

ENIGMA NO. V.—Constantinople.

SOLVABLE ENIGMA NO. I.—Heart.

PUZZLE NO. I.—Cat.